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I with caresses brutes have nurst,
Which men would die to share.
" But for this folly, for this fault,
How hardly do I pay ?
For dog love had I man's love sought,
I'd been alive to day
" Ye maideens all, who puppies love,
Don't let them come too near ;
If their mouths near your noses move,
They'll make you rue it dear.
" And young men, of the puppy breed
Avoid the peevish sisters,
For if their tongues too close proceed,
You'll find them worse than blisters.
" And puppies too I would address,
But that do what I will,
Or e'er so well my thoughts express,
They will be puppies still.
" But bark ! a voice that for me cries,
And will not be denied ;
Come see ye maids, how low she lies.
For loving dogs who died !"
She ceased—Her form then slow dissolv'd,
And wasted more and more,
Grew pale, and into fume resolved,
Then vanished with a roar !
In sheets of fire red light'ning flash'd,
Along the furrow'd ground,
While peals on peals of thunder crash'd,
O'er all the welkin round.

NEMORENSIS.

ALTAMONT TO THE FALLEN MARIA.

FAR from the noise of passion's jarring
strife,
With heartfelt melancholy let me stray ;
There brood in anguish o'er a mis-spent
life,
And gain at last the quiet heavenly way,
With steps of sorrow, shady paths to rove,
In silent solitude neglected roam,
There weigh the pleasures of unlawful
love,
And call the sinful wish for ever home.
Curse on the wretch who with pretended
truth,
First urged thee on forbidden joys to
prove,
There tearing spotless innocence from
youth,
He blasted all the sweets of virtuous love.
Oh ! loved too well for my internal peace,
Though lost to honour, be not lost to
shame,
Be firm, and bid the flattering villain cease,
Nor wound with more reproach your dying
fame.
Remind him of your innocence and youth,
Your honour clear and spotless as the day,

How with fell aim he wore the mask of
truth,
And how you fell an unsuspecting prey.
Though beauty triumphs in that youthful
face,
And delicacy reigns through all thy form,
Yet lost alike to virtue and to grace,
The good lament you, and the just will
scorn.
Reflect, Maria, on that awful hour,
When on the bed of death you taste of
pain,
Your beauty's vanished like a summer
flower,
And the stern king the lovely ruins claim.
For me, as heaven indulgent will forgive,
Oh ! may there wandering thoughts be
fixed above,
You, ruined nymph, for ever whilst you
live,
Shall claim my pity, though you lose my
love.

October, 1768.

MARIA TO ALTAMONT.

YOU wrote, and unobserved the lesson
lay,
I bade the voice of calm reflection cease,
Nor cast a glance beyond the present day,
And bar'd my thoughts for ever from my
peace.
At last conviction rends my tortured
breast,
While former scenes add horror to the
gloom,
With guilt, with anguish and despair op-
prest,
I seek the silent solitary tomb.
Now, now my crimes in dread array ap-
pear,
Impending vengeance trembles o'er my
head,
Too late I shed the sad repenting tear,
My peace is wrecked, and every hope is
fled.
Will heaven regard the penitential tear,
When fell disease arrests each vital part,
Ah ! no, strict justice will not deign to
hear,
When only dread of justice rends the heart.
Oh ! may the happy inexperienced maid,
Shun the first dawns of unlawful love,
Reflect how poor Maria was betrayed,
And let my fate a timely caution prove.
Though man admires when deck'd in
bloom of youth,
Be bless'd with virtue, charm beyond to-
day,
Though beauty triumphs, yet endure this
truth,
The clay built mansion hastens to decay.